don't treat me rough, treat me really niceies

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don't treat me rough, treat me really niceies

by satsukichan

Summary

She wanted him in a skirt. He wanted her in a uniform.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

They waited until the sounds of the students walking through the halls faded, and then they waited another fifteen minutes. It was an unpleasant wait, made worse by the way his erection pressed against the thin silk of his panties. It wasn't until they were really sure that her hand snaked under the hem of his skirt. It was incredible how unprotected he felt. How did girls make their way through the day with the breeze flipping at the pleats? He missed his pants. In a skirt he felt vulnerable, almost. Worse yet, the no-star uniform he'd stolen from the sewing club fit awkwardly. These shirts were not made for people with broad muscles, and he could feel the stitches straining every time he breathed too deeply, tight against his pecs and baring a strip of flat stomach.

This effect was somewhat assuaged by Nonon in the same uniform, albeit one that fit her much, much better. There was a certain… something about the way she looked in the uniform of the commoners that he liked, maybe a little too much, and he remembered her grin when he'd proposed the idea to her.

"A regular no-star uniform?"

"Y-yeah."

"And what will you wear in return?"

"Return?"

"You honestly think I'd do this for free?"

"What do you want?"

She'd grinned.

And now here he was, cock in her hand, looking strange against the pale blue of his skirt. He didn't have much time to linger on it, though, before she gave an experimental stroke and he hardened further against her palm. She smirked. God knew how much she loved the effect she had on him, and she stroked slowly, enjoying the way his mouth fell open and his cheeks reddenned, heart quickening, breath more and more shallow. His eyes followed her as she knelt before him, and he hesitated before he let his fingers curl in her hair. Briefly, he paused, waited for her to protest, and then stroked her hair, pushing away the stray strands falling into her eyes. If she acknowledged the awkward gesture as a sign of affection, she didn't mention it. Instead, she pressed his head to her lips, giving it a little kiss before sliding it into her mouth. He hissed, partly because of the heat, partly out of exasperation. Typical of her to be cute about something like this.

Nonon was good at this, whenever she indulged him, mouth wet and hot against him, humming some song he only vaguely recognized from mornings when she forgot to wake him up the night before. Those mornings were always full of confusion, but lately he'd noticed how she kept his toiletries in her room. Just in case. Her affection was a fickle thing- she'd die before she'd ever admit she cared about him, or at least more than what he could do

with his tongue, but yet here they were. He groaned as she dragged her tongue along his underside and let her tongue wrap around his head, and wished he could stay like this forever.

However, the roil in his gut was too familiar. Gently, he pulled at her hair, prompting her to pull away in confusion.

“What is it?”

“Switch places with me.” He wished his voice weren’t shaking already. Her smirk told him she’d noticed, but at least this time, she didn’t make a comment. “I don’t wanna- y’know.”

“What a gentleman.”

She wiped the strand of spit that had clung to her mouth and stood, knees already red from her short stint on the floor. He slid off the desk, shakily, and ignored his erection tenting up his skirt in lieu of looking up at her as he settled down. The way he looked up at her was almost bashful, and she grinned down at him, swinging her feet so they just narrowly missed his face. Uzu ignored her, and pulled her legs apart.

There was something about the way she leaned back onto her hands and spread her knees that got him excited, but now was not the time to think about his cock, or the way her mouth felt around it. Instead, he pulled away her skirt to get a better look at what he should really be thinking about. Already, her underwear clung to her. She was as excited as he was.

Uzu made sure a kiss a trail up her leg, noticing the way her muscles twitched underneath the soft skin the closer he got to the hem of her panties. She shuddered oh so slightly when he let his fingertips trace down the cloth, eliciting a shudder from her when he pressed his knuckle against her. His hand came back wet. Any longer, and she’d get impatient.

The fist she made in his hair definitely seconded that thought. Thumbs hooked at her hips under the fabric, and he pulled the pink silk down her legs, being careful not to disrupt her thigh highs. He liked them too much. Her feet smacked against his shoulders in annoyance.

“Alright, alright, princess.”

Again, he pressed kisses up her thighs, but this time, he sucked harder as he made his way up, thumb pulling back at her labia to give him full access. The noise she made at the back of her throat prompted him to hurry up, but not before he hollowed his cheeks and left a huge mark right where her leg met her hip.

“That’s gonna bruise, asshole.”

“Then I hope can I make up for it, right?” His smirk prompted her to tug at his hair, none too gently. “Alright, alright, I’m getting to it.”

Her fingers curled when he pressed the tip of his nose against her clit, tongue tracing up between her folds, before he moved his hands to grasp either thigh. Nonon let out a surprised squeak, muffled by her shirt collar as he pulled her legs over his shoulders. Her eyes met his, and he couldn’t help but grin at the luminescent blush spreading across her cheeks.

“This isn’t very dignified…”

“If you still have complaints when I’m done, you can have your money back.”

“Dumbass-”

His tongue pressed between her folds, and her sentence trailed off very quickly.

Nonon’s grip on his hair didn’t lessen as he worked between her thighs. Right now, her flesh was just a cage for her nerve endings, and she felt like she was going to burst out of her own skin, or maybe melt, the way he licked a trail down the side of her hood, missing her sweet spot by such a tiny fraction of a centimeter, she knew it had to be intentional. He loved to tease her when she was helpless to yell at him, and every half choked out insult turned into a louder and louder moan. It was embarrassing to open her mouth, so she didn’t if she could avoid it, but her body betrayed her.

She tasted rust, and realized her teeth had broken the skin of her lower lip. Of course, the instant she stopped clamping down on the slick flesh was the moment he chose to circle his mouth around her clit and suck, gently enough that it didn’t hurt, but with enough pressure that her fingers tugged desperately at his hair. One flushed look down at his head, and she realized she’d been cramming his face in deeper, as if he could go faster if she did.

(But that was wrong. She didn’t want him to go faster, she wanted him to never, ever, ever stop.)

He hummed something into her, and she felt tears prick at her eyes when his tongue pressed in, a finger joining it to crook *just* left of her g-spot, and it wasn’t until she felt something wet drip off her chin that she realized she was drooling. So close, so close, so close, so close, so clo-

Uzu rubbed his thumb against her just as his tongue found the perfect spot, and she clenched around him, groaning his name, could feel herself pulsing against his mouth, almost, and it felt like deflating, all the tension draining out of her in one go, so her scream was almost a sigh. It took her a good thirty seconds to collect herself enough to wipe the spit off her face with the still-shaking back of her hand, but he’d noticed already, and he grinned.

She slid off the desk shakily, legs still trembling from pure feeling, and noticed he was still kneeling in front of her. Usually, she’d make a snarky remark, but the words died in her throat as he pulled a condom from the pocket of his jacket, casually flashing it towards her. The condom was both a question and an invitation, and she nodded. A yes to both.

Nonon ripped the familiar foil package open carefully, taking care not to damage the actual latex. His hard on was still at full mast, something she couldn’t help but poke fun at, as usual.

“Did I keep you excited?” She pinched the tip to get the bubble of air out.

He ignored her, in lieu of groaning under his breath as she rolled the rubber down his shaft. In her grip, she could feel his heartbeat, pulsing under the surface of his skin. It was nice to be wanted, even on the basest level, and the thought of what was to come was a good bonus.

Instinctively, her thighs pressed tighter, and she remembered how wet she was. He couldn't be ready soon enough.

There were a lot of things they could do, but they *were* in a classroom, and if there was ever a time to get bent over a desk, she supposed it was now. Uzu pressed a kiss to her neck, and trailed his fingers under her shirt. She shivered into his touch, feather light and teasing, even as he found her breasts. The fabric matched her discarded panties, and she hummed appreciatively as his fingers worked their way past her underwire, pulling upwards to release her breasts from their prison.

"You're going to ruin my bra, unhook it first."

The impatience in his sigh was obvious, but thick fingers found her clasp and only fumbled with it for a few seconds before the fabric stopped cutting into her skin. It only took an instant for her to pull the straps down her shoulders and pull the entire thing out from under her shirt. His low whistle of told her what he thought of her breasts, nipples poking through the thin fabric. She out a low hum of appreciation when his mouth closed over one, shirt pushed up to bare her chest to the open air. Almost lazily, his mouth moved north to plant a kiss on her jaw, and he let his fingers circle the nipple he'd left wet, stiffening from both the cold and the stimulation. His spare hand moved south to where she'd just stopped being sensitive to the touch, and stroked between her legs.

Her body reacted immediately, and she felt him pause before he smirked. He rested his chin on her shoulder and parted her hair with his nose to gain access to her ear as his fingers rubbed against her, and she tried her best to keep from shaking.

"You like that?"

The whispered stream of dialogue he kept up was nice, and he took short breaks in between telling her how good she'd look with his name on her lips to nibble at her earlobe. He leaned his weight against her, bending her at the waist towards the desk. The wood was warm from their body heat, so she didn't flinch when she pressed against it, breasts pressing against the wood.

Something hard and hot slapped against her inner thigh, but she felt his fingers curling inside of her, and focused on that instead. She was wet, almost dripping, and when he removed his fingers and pressed into her instead, she let out a soft moan into her forearm.

This time, she let herself drool freely rather than bite down.

The skin of her hips was soft, like the rest of her, but his hands weren't nearly as gentle with her there. They dug into soft flesh, leaving white marks as he pumped into her, forcing her onto her belly with his rhythm. She, on the other hand, had no choice but to hold onto the desk as he bucked into her, the sound of wet skin on skin slapping against each other in the empty room only matched by someone's voice.

It took her a few moments to realize the other noise was her.

Her moans weren't getting any quieter, though. One hand of his let go of her hip to rub small circles around her clit, and if anything, the moans were getting louder and more high pitched. She couldn't even close her mouth anymore, eyes watering from the direct contact. She wasn't going to last much longer if he didn't stop that soon. But just as she tried to say something, her voice caught in her throat.

That, and the fingers he put in her mouth.

Unintentionally, her teeth clamped down on him, desperately looking for something to bite on. He tutted, fingers curling in, pressing down on her tongue, and it was with a choked noise that she came, trembling against his body.

Goosebumps peppered her skin as she shuddered, his fingers mercifully pulling away from between her legs to alleviate the hypersensitivity that made her knees jelly, so boneless that it was only his weight against her and her wobbling arms keeping her upright. His hand instead grasped her hip again to brace himself, and she felt him come, pulsing inside of her. His hips slammed into her, once, twice, again, until he slowed down, and his breath washed over her shoulder, hot and sticky like the rest of his body. It wasn't until he collapsed back into the seat they'd pushed away that she realized how exhausted she was, and took a few shaky steps forward to sit in his lap.

They clung together, sweat dripping down the nape of her neck and gathering in the hollow of his collarbone. He brushed the sweaty hairs away from her forehead and kissed her, once, soft and unpretentious.

"Next time, I wanna see you bent over a desk," she muttered.

Uzu chuckled and nipped at her ear. "That can be arranged."

"Kiss me again," Nonon demanded, and he did, mouth warm and soft and sweet, without so much as making a snide remark. Maybe he was too tired to make fun of her, or maybe he was just being earnest- the latter thought provoking a nervous shiver down her spine. She didn't do well with honesty.

"You ready for round two?"

It took him a moment, but he nodded, and she crawled up further to sit herself more comfortably on his lap before she kissed him again.

End Notes

Vague pointless smut? Maybe takes place during the events of *Better Left Unsaid*? Who knows? My tumblr is satsukichan, as usual.

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